

---

THE  
Art of ANGLING.

A  
POEM.

---

7

THE  
*Innocent Epicure :*  
OR, THE  
Art of ANGLING.  
A  
POEM.

---

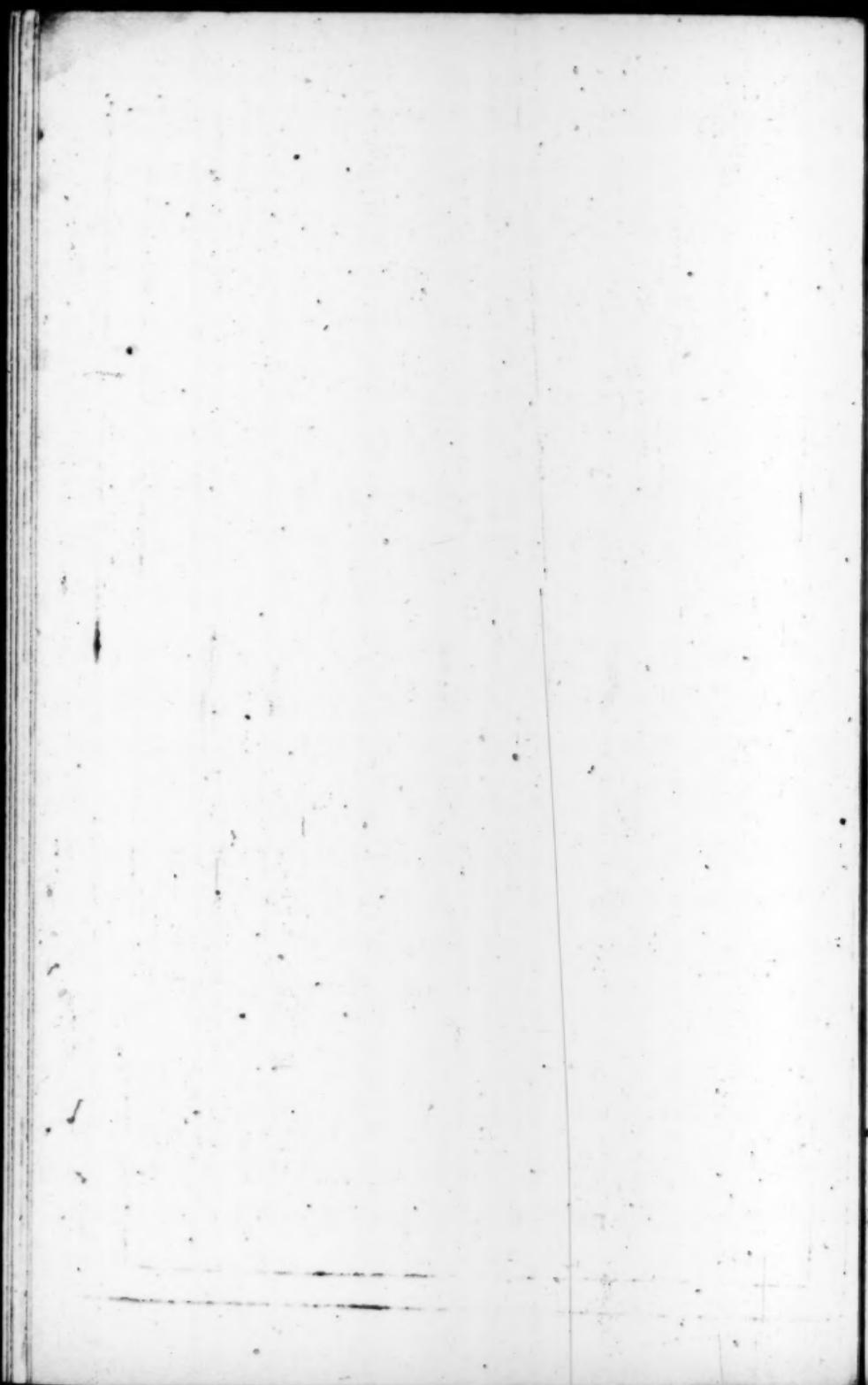
*Tytire amas Rivos, Rivos tibi, Tytire, dicam.*  
Rap.

— *Si quid novisti Rectius Ipsiis,*  
*Candidus imperti, si non, His utere mecum.* Hor.

---

London:

Printed for S. Crouch, H. Playford, and W. Brown:  
Against the Royal-Exchange, Cornhill; in the  
Temple-Exchange, Fleetstreet; and in Black-  
Horse Alley near Fleet-Bridge. 1697.



## P R E F A C E.

THE Copy of this Poem being sent to me from the Unknown Author, with Commission to Publish or Suppress it, as I thought fitting; his Indifference about the matter convinc'd me that he was a Gentleman who wrote it for his Diversion, or at least in Kindness to Those who are Lovers of that Ingenious and Innocent Recreation, concerning which he has made so judicious Observations. I immediately communicated the sight of his Manuscript to several Experienc'd Anglers, (and some of 'em no Enemies to the Muses,) who agreed in their Opinions, That notwithstanding the Confinement that Verse

## P R E F A C E.

lays upon a Writer, it far excels any thing that has been publish'd in Prose upon this Subject, even in the Useful and Instructive Part of the Work. They assur'd me, That it contains all the necessary Rules that have yet been delivered; and those Rules digested into a much better Method; together with several Uncommon and Surprizing Remarks, which many who are reputed Artists at the Sport, may receive Advantage by.

This was All that seem'd needful to be said of the Performance, with relation to the Angler's business; and in reference to the Poetry, 'tis certain that every man will judge for himself: And doubtless the modestest Account that I can give of it, will be most acceptable to an Author who conceals his Name.

The

## P R E F A C E.

The Cast and Design of the Work are after the Model of Ancient and best received Poets on such Arguments: The Style lively, and as elevated as was proper for the Matter of which he treats; and discovers a Genius capable of managing a greater Subject: The Numbers are smooth and easy; and if there is not always a servile Strictness of Rhyme, that seems to me a Judicious Negligence (in a Piece where Nature ought to have the Ascendant), and becoming a Gentleman who wrote for his Pleasure, and makes not Poetry his Profession.

His Digrressions, as they were necessary to relieve the Dryness of prescribing Directions, so are they Sensible and Entertaining.

I have only this to add, That since the Author's Scene lies in the Countrey, in the

## P R E F A C E.

*Solitude of Rivers and Meadows, I presume there needs no Apology for Publishing here-with so good a Copy of that Original Land-skip of Retirement, which was long since so admirably drawn by Horace. Nor can any Contemplative Person be offended at my publishing of Both, since they were Both committed to my Disposal.*

N. T A T E.

---

From

From J. S. to C. S.

HORACE Epist. X. Lib. I.

*Urbis Amatorem Fuscum Salvere jubemus  
Ruris amatores, &c.*

**H**ealth to my Friend, who loves the  
Town so well ;

Health from his Friend, who loves  
his Countrey Cell ;

In all but this, we twin like Brother Doves,

What one dislikes, the other disapproves ;

And Covent-Garden Cooing but divides our  
Loves.

Thou

Thou keep'st the Billing Nest ; I range the  
Fields,

And taste what uncorrupted Nature yeilds ;  
Riot in Flowers, and wanton in the Woods,  
Bask on the Mossy Banks, and skim along the  
Floods.

In short, I Live, and Reign, and Joy to be,  
From all thy much-mistaken Blessings free ;  
And, as the Slave the *Flamens* surfeits fled,  
Nauseate the Honey-Cakes, and feast on Bread ;  
If happiness of Life be worth our care,  
( And he who Builds, should nicely chuse his  
Air ) ;

Tell me the Place that with the Country vies,  
In easy Blessings, and in Native Joys ;  
Where cheerful Hearths deceive the Cold so  
well,  
Or gentle Gales the raging Beams repel ;

When

When both the Lyon and the Dog conspire,  
With furious Rays to set the day on fire ;  
Where then, ah where ! but here, can Sleep  
maintain  
( That slave in Courts ) her soft Imperial  
Reign ?

Is *Parian* Marble press'd beneath thy feet,  
More beautiful than Flowers, or half so sweet ?  
Or Water roaring through the bursting Lead,  
So pure as gliding in its easy Bed ?  
Who Builds in Cities, ( yet the Fields approves,  
And hedges in with Pillars ~~awful~~<sup>gloomy</sup> Groves )  
Strives for the Countrey-View that farthest  
runs,  
And twers aloof at Beauties which he shuns.  
In driving Nature out, our force is vain,  
Still the recoiling Goddess comes again ;

And

And creeps in silent Triumph to deride  
The weak attempts of Luxury and Pride.  
An ignorant and uncomparing Fop,  
Is cheated less in any Mercer's Shop,  
Than he who cannot with a wary Eye  
Distinguish Happiness from Vanity.  
Who prosperous Chance too eagerly embrace,  
Feel double Pangs in her averted face.  
You once must leave whatever you admire ;  
Ah wisely now, and willingly retire ;  
Forsake the gawdy Tinsel of the Great,  
The Peaceful Cottage beckons a Retreat :  
Where true Content so true a Greatness brings,  
As flights their favourites, and pities Kings.

The Stag and Horse in common Pasture fed,  
Till Jars enfull'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head ;  
But Horns are lucky things, and *Palfrey* fled,  
Foaming

Foaming for spight (and Passion is a Wit,)  
He sought to *Man*, and kindly took the Bit :  
But when he fully had reveng'd his Cause,  
The Spurs still gaul'd his Sides, the Curb his  
Jaws.

Just so the Man who has his Freedom sold,  
(The nobler Riches) to insulting Gold ,  
His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays,  
Hackney'd and Spurr'd through all his slavish  
days.

Whose Fortune is not fitted to his will ,  
Too Great or Little, is uneasy still.  
Our Shooes and Fortune surely are alli'd,  
We limp in strait, and stumble in the Wide.  
Wisely now take what Chance and Fate  
afford,  
Nor wish for more ; I know thou wilt not  
Hoard :

And

And when I labour for the sordid Gains,  
Or heap the Trash, upbraid me for my Pains.  
It Serves or Rules, where ever Gold you find ;  
But still the Varlet is a Slave by *Kind*.  
Receive these from thy Friend —  
Who laughs in *Kent* from Cares and Business  
free,  
And wanting nothing in the World but Thee.

Books Printed for, and Sold by H. Playford.

**H**armonia Sacra, in two Books, containing Divine Hymns and Dialogues; set to Musick by Dr. *J. Blow*, the late Mr. *H. Purcell*, and other Eminent Masters. Price of both bound 15 s. The 2d Book stich'd 4 s.

*Deliciae Musicæ*, in four Books, containing most of the newest and best Songs; with three *Elegies* on the late Queen *Mary II.* being the first Volume; set by the late famous Mr. *H. Purcell*. Price of the Vol. stich'd 5 s.

*Deliciae Musicæ*, the first and second Book of Vol. 2. Price of the first 1 s. of the second 18 d.

The whole Book of *Psalms* in Three Parts, by *John Playford*, as they are sung in Churches: To which is added a Table of all the *Trebles*, and what *Psalms* are sung to them; being very fit for Country Masters who teach the same: 2d Edit. in Octavo. Price bound 3 s. 6 d.

An *Ode* on the Death of that late Excellent Master, Mr. *Henry Purcell*; the Words by Mr. *Dryden*, and compos'd to Musick by Dr. *John Blow*.

Also the late Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Picture, exactly engraven by Mr. *White*. Price in a Frame 18 d. or without a Frame 6 d.

Books Printed for H. Playford.

*Miscellanea Sacra*: A Collection of choice Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects. Vol. I. Collected by N. Tate, Servant to His Majesty. Price bound 2 s.

The Parallel; an Essay on Friendship, Love, and Marriage; by Sir H. S. Price stitche'd 6 d.

Oroonoko, a Tragedy; by Mr. Southern. Price 18 d.

The She-Gallants, a Comedy; written by a Person of Quality. Price 18 d.

The Lovers-Luck, a Comedy; by Mr. Dilk. Price 1 s.

There will likewise be speedily publish'd, A Catalogue of all the Musick-Books sold at the same Place; amongst which will be several Italian Musick-Books, and some newly come over.

---

ALL Sorts of Fishing-Rods, Tackle, and other Implements of Angling, sold by William Brown, in Black-Horse Alley, near Fleetbridge, and at his House, the Sign of the Golden Fish in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

T H E

# Art of Angling.

**H**ENCE Idle Love ; the Muse at last grown  
wise,  
Dilates her Fancy, and improves her  
Choice.

To vain delights she's now no more a Friend.  
But ye, ye genial Souls do you attend ;  
Attend and listen, while I freely tell  
You and the wiser World the *Art of Angling well.*  
Others their Pleasure by their Hopes commend ;  
But I the Anglers value by its End.

B

Ye

Ye Nymphs and River-Gods (if such there be)  
Of you I sing; exert your Force to me.  
While I describe the Glories of your Court,  
Natives, their Manners, and their vast Resort,  
My humble Reed with such a Strain inspire,  
As those the list'ning Streams in you admire;  
When the glad Waves from their swift Course  
recoil,  
And in your Songs forget their hourly Toil.  
So may they still attend you as you sing;  
So may the Meads, of Sport your wanton Scene,  
Be blest by *Jove* with everlasting Spring. }  
And thou, whom once to hear, is once to love,  
Alike propitious to my Labours prove.  
Smile on your own Commands, tho' ill obey'd,  
And kindly execute the Muses Aid.  
Beneath thy least neglect the Work must fall,  
So vast its Height, my Genius so small;

But

## *The Art of Angling.*

3

Eut from your Smiles she will not fear to hope :

*Atlas*, they say, bore the World's Fabrick up.

At worst the just will emulate my Fate ;

*Sternbold* might shine exalted to the height,

And *B* — and *L* — Poll for *Laureat*.

Begin, my Muse, the Pleasures of the Wise,

Serene Content, and unrepented Ease ;

Thy Noble Song who can neglect to hear ?

None but the Fools thou shouldst not love nor fear.

They scorning thee, thy Reputation raise,

And with their Cypress bring Eternal Bays.

First then, the best Materials to prepare,

( The curious Anglers chief and wisest Care )

Sing we, in Numbers rather just than new ,

And Short ; for the Ingenious want but Few.

Hints are enough, where we the Subject love ;

And the Lukewarm won't more than Hints improve.

Tir'd with the Glories he so long has born,  
When *Sol* resigns them all in *Capricorn*,  
Or when the *Northern Pleiades* are set,  
And Rural Hinds seek out the welcome Heat ;  
Awhile th' approaching Winter-blasts sustain :  
The future Bliss will quit the present Pain.  
Then tender Shoots from the old Hazle take ;  
Strait, smooth, and even, free from Knot or Break.  
Search all the Copse, nor spare the fairest Tree :  
No matter though the tender Mothers cry.  
No matter though the Nymphs, her Sisters, mourn :  
From the fresh Wound fresh Offspring will return.  
Besides, 'tis kind her Issue to impair ;  
Old as she is, her Stock should lightly bear.  
We bless the Shepherds, and we call them wise,  
Who treble-bearing Ewes discreetly ease :  
As wisely then you may your Use supply ;  
Furnish your self, and ease the lab'ring Tree.

## The Art of Angling. 9

Thus got, preserve them with your utmost Care; A  
For Nicety it self's a Virtue here.

Prune them, if notch'd; if crooked, make them  
straight:

The Knife does this, a gentle Flame does that,  
The Sap expell'd, they dexterously bend,  
And double service and assistance lend.

Then lest they warp, and from the curling Snake,  
Their *quondam* Tenant, some resemblance take;  
Let some straight Pole their fetter'd Bodies bear,  
Nor loose them till occasion first require.

Nor when you fit them for your Sport and Use,  
Slight you the Art, or any pains refuse.

Here nice Proportion must be well observ'd;  
And exact Beauty through the whole preserv'd;  
For though rude Slaves with bungling Labour kill;  
True Anglers ought to do't distinguishingly well.  
But if these Pains, like dangerous Tasks in Love,  
Stifle your thoughts, and your fledg'd hopes remove:

A little Charge will purchase you your Ease,  
And *London* furnish you with just Supplies.

There lab'ring Artists nicely fit each part :  
You buy your Pleasure, and they live by Art.

The Cane, the Hazle, all the Angler's Store  
They sell, and often, to the Curious, more.

But, if I might intrench upon your Ease,  
I'd with a Caution join my poor Advice.

First, of their Lines, their treach'rous Lines beware ;  
Nor grudge your self a little Labour here.

I teach you here, by sad Experience taught,  
What I with Care and Money dearly bought.

Full oft relying on my Strength, not Skill ;  
Full oft the Fisher was the Fishes spoil.

Nor only were my Hopes and Pleasures crost,  
But, with my Prize, more precious Time was lost.

Then warning take, and wisely thus avoid  
The Rock on which my Ship has oft been try'd.

Chuse well your Hair, and know the vigorous Horse  
Not only reigns in Beauty, but in Force.

Creatures decay'd the *London* Shops supply :

Get you such Locks as they can't reach to buy.

Nor chuse the Hair of Beasts ( tho newly ) dead ;  
There Nature's universally decay'd.

But, when the Rampant Brute with Vigour flies  
To force the timerous Jade to taste his Joys,  
Obtain your wish at any Rate and Price.

Then for your single Links the fairest chuse ;  
Such single Hair will best supply your use.

And of the rest your several Lines prepare,  
In all still lessening every Link a Hair.

If for the Flye, taper and long your Line ;  
The Fish is quick, and hates what is not fine.

If for the Depth, to stronger I advise ;  
Tho still the finest take the finest Prize.

But e're you twift your upper Links, take care  
Wisely to match in Length and Strength your Hair.  
Believe me, Friend, this Care as useful is,  
And just, as any part of my Advice.

Have you not seen the skilful Archer's Bow  
Drawn to a height, his Expectation so;  
The Arrow pointing to the wish'd-for Prize,  
And he devouring 't with his Heart and Eyes;  
When the ill-twisted String his Vigour fails,  
First frets, then snaps, the baffled Master rails.  
Such oft has been my Fate, which only Care  
And future Circumspection could repair.  
On equal Strength we wisely may rely;  
But else Experience by our loss we buy.  
For ev'n in Friendships Bonds 'tis rarely found,  
That when one fails, the other keeps his ground.  
Then wisely to avoid the Archer's Fate,  
Twist slow your Links, and see they justly  
plait.  
Hair best with Hair, and Silk with Silk agrees;  
But mixt, have each their Inconveniences.  
Though would you freely to my Rules attend,  
I'd only to your use the Hair commend.

More

More trivial things are these ; the Knot and \* Bought,  
Not worth a Verse since eas'ly learn'd without.  
For every Angler here by Instinct knows  
The use of This, and that That must be close.  
Of like consideration are the Rest ;  
Hook, Float and Plummet, as you fancy best.  
For one, perhaps, applauds his *Kerby's Ware* ;  
And others cheaper serv'd exceed him every where.  
For as in Beauty Fancy reigns ; we see  
Fancy misleads us in Utility.  
Some teach you next the blunted Hook to whet ;  
Though I was never so unfurnish'd yet ;  
Nor did my Leisure e're so much oppress,  
To lose an Hour in niggard Idleness.  
Nor is there farther worthy to be Taught,  
Bags, Landing Nets, and Panniers must be Bought.  
When, though unask'd, th' event will easily show  
Your willing Chap will over-furnish you.

---

\* Is a Word peculiar to the Angler, and signifies no more than the wrapping of two Links together, which evens the Line, and keeps it more taper than the knot will allow it to be.

Next of the Art it Self I speak ; O Friend !  
My weighty Lessons heedfully attend !  
Attend me, while I into order bring  
Each weighty Rule, and every pond'rous Line.  
Hail ! great Triumvirate \* of Angling ! Hail !  
Ye who best taught, and here did best Excel.  
Play here the Gods, play here the Heroes part :  
Your selves the Proto-Poets of the Art.  
My humble Breast with pow'rful Flames Inspire  
To teach the World what justly we admire :  
Joys fraught with Innocence, of Danger free,  
Raptures which none but we should so enjoy.  
But tell me first, for you or none can tell,  
What God the mighty Science did reveal ?  
For sure a God he was ; less than Divine,  
How could such weighty Blessings flow from him ?

---

\* Walton, Cotton, Venables.

## The Art of Angling.

II

A God he was then, or at least to me,  
And, my Associates, such he ought to be.  
He taught us First the Grandeur of the Court  
Contemn'd and scorn'd for this, to chuse a Sport  
Full of Content, and crown'd with Healthful  
Ease :  
Where Nature Frets not while our selves we  
Please.

Come back my Muse now to the Task design'd ;  
Sing we of Fish the Haunts of every Kind,  
Their Baits, their Seasons, and their usual Feed,  
And when the Angler best may hope to speed.  
Things worthy of the Angler's greatest Care ;  
Things worthy Thee to Teach, and Him to Hear.

h? And First the *Salmon* does my Verse command,  
Lov'd at his Sport, but more at Tables fam'd.  
Well are the Patient Anglers Pains repaid,  
When this fair Captain is his Captive made.

Go

Oft

12 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Oft purling Brooks, but oftner greater Streams

He Haunts :

Where *Neptune*, like the *Dutch* in *India* Reigns :

Just Salts the Water to Evincé his Pow'r,

Afraid to vex the River-Beauties more.

At Mid-day when the Sun exerts his Rays,

See on the Surface how the Wanton Plays.

Then wisely tempt him, and from Force or Choice

You'll see him nimbly to your Pastime Rise.

Strong be your Lines, your Hooks, your Rods,

and all,

And wise your Conduct, or he breaks the whole.

One wary Jerk, and straight he plunging cries,

Angler be cautious, or you lose your Prize.

Though mealy mouth'd, he's sometimes that way

lost;

Which cautious care prevents not, no, nor cost.

Though Art may much your Strength and Lines

relieve,

And nice observance great Assistance give.

Larg.

Large be your Flye too, and might I advise,  
Expanded Wings should more provoke his Rise.

To which if various Colours well you join,  
And time (which renders every thing Divine)  
Agree, it cannot fail to answer your design.

Yet curling Billows should assist the Cheat,  
Quick-sighted else he'll quickly shun the Bait.  
And clear the Water must, or else he Feeds  
Low on the Gravel, or the wasting Weeds.

Yet Lobbworms scour'd, them ~~your~~ sure Friends  
you'll find,

Then too your Tackling strengthen to your Mind.  
These cannot fail you, if the dying Year  
Say not, Desist, his Spawning time is near.

A Troll some use, and some the Rod prefer:  
No matter which, since both like useful are.

Less nice at bottom he devouring Roves,  
And boldly rushes, as he boldly Loves.

The Mennows too his Rage not rarely feel,  
Try those, and if you can, procure the Reel,

Which

Which freely of its self emits the Line,  
( Needfully Long and yet securely Fine ).  
The greedy Fish may have his full of Play,  
While unconcern'd on the less Fry you Prey.  
Or wisely casting round your ravish'd Eyes,  
Salute the Author of these mighty joys,  
With these or more adapted Thoughts than these :

Cœlestial Bounty ! How shall I repay  
Those Blessings which thy Mercy throws away ?  
Each Morn, each Hour, thy Lavish'd hand I find;  
Make me less sinful, or be thou less kind.  
Neglected Mercy must to Vengeance turn ;  
Be thou my Love, though by the Atheists scorn.  
Come here ye Fools, though in Opinion Wise.  
Come here and see with natural Reason's Eyes.  
Reason, your Boast, though an imperfect Guide,  
The weighty Controversy shall decide.  
In beauteous order see the Waters move,  
And show like Motion in the Spheres above.

## *The Art of Angling.*

15

Tell me, Could Human force such Skill attain?  
And where that fails, sure Chance attempts in vain.  
Chance Mimicks Art, and Nature helps the Cheat;  
But 'tis a different Glory to Create.

Besides,

Though Gay the Sun his Course each Morn renews,  
Chance cannot hold the Reins could she the Work  
produce.

No! here consistent Beauty Rules the whole,  
Mov'd by an Ardent and Continual Soul.  
When that is kind, the Sun's diffusive Ray  
Ripens the Fields, and drives the Mists away.  
When fullen, then the strongest Beauties pine,  
And Chance it self no kind Relief can bring.  
That Flowry Mead is not by Chance so fair;  
But knows its Seasons, and observes the Year.  
The Flocks alike their Annual Off'rings pay:  
But all would fade, were purblind Chance to sway.

O Mighty

O Mighty Author of all Earthly things!  
And Heaven no less thy wise Creation Sings;  
Let not me vainly offer to dethrone  
Thy will, to Idolize my foolish own.  
Still in my Soul more genial Gleams infuse,  
That I by others scorn may wisely chuse:  
May wisely chuse thy Precepts to Obey,  
And all things else fling with contempt away.

Come back my Muse, now change the weighty  
strain,  
And take the humble Anglers up again.  
Sing next the *Trout*, for next in Sport and Kind  
He comes. O thou, who here apply'st thy Mind,  
Tread softly, and be sure keep out of sight;  
Or the Shy Fish will balk thy Appetite.  
Nice as thy hopes too, be thy Rod and Line,  
Nice be thy Flies, and cast exactly fine.  
For which nor Rod, nor Line of length should want,  
Full Six Yards each, if so the Streams consent.

*The Art of Angling.* 17

Taper and light, as long, from Hand to Hook,  
If for the Flye and in a Chrystal Brook:  
Or tho in muddled Streams y'are forc'd to cast,  
Yet still the finer, you succeed the best.  
Fineness in Angling 's th' Anglers nearest Rule;  
Tho Prudence still must regulate in all.—  
For Wise Men will not trust a single Hair  
With Weight, which dead, it could not easily bear.

If then with Natural Flies to fish you chuse,  
Observe the Season, and provide for Use.  
Observe the Fish, as round for Prey they rove,  
And gain your Baits where best they seem to love.  
For search all Nature, and this Truth you'll find,  
Variety, the Mistress of Mankind,  
Is not to Species or to Sex confin'd.

But if the Artificial you'd prepare,  
First well to make them use your utmost care:

Some Brother Angler freely will impart  
The useful Niceties throughout the Art.  
And Verse nor Prose can ever teach you well,  
What Masters well, but Practice best will tell.  
Only at large the Muse may thus exhort ;  
Nature best mimick'd, best secures your Sport.  
Of Flies the Kinds, their Seasons, and their Breed,  
Their Shapes, their Heu , ( which nicest Observa-  
tion need. )  
Which best the Trout admires , where easiest gain'd  
Experience best will teach too, or your Friend.  
For several kinds must every Month supply :  
( So great's his Passion for Variety. )  
Nay, if new Species o're the Waves you find,  
Try, you'll acknowledge Fortune amply kind.

The Flye, the hardest Task, thus learnt, prepare  
To cast your Line distinguishingly fair.  
Cast oft, till by Experience perfect made,  
Your pains are in the sequel well repaid.

If on the Surface first your Line should light,  
The Fish spring out, nor soon recover the Affright.  
But if the Flye, straight for a quick Surprize,  
The greedy Wantons scarce prepare to rise.  
If short he cuts, next Throw be sure beware ;  
He saw too much, the Angler stood too near.  
But keep your Shadow off the purling Stream,  
And cast, and long you cannot cast in vain.  
For if no obvious failure interpose,  
You speed, or will not speed in forty Throws.  
But if he thus exacts too weighty Pain,  
And with less Art you would your Hopes obtain :  
Since all men Artists are not, let it be  
Your choice the less precarious means to try.  
The Worm at no time can your Pleasures fail,  
Unless the boundless Floods or Winds prevail ;  
Unless the Frosts have almost chain'd the Streams,  
When dangerous Fevers would revile our pains.  
Here, tho the Streams, by whatsoever Cause,  
Of Mills, of Rains, or Artful Overflows,

20. *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Prove Milky-white, no balk you need to fear;  
For all is homelily destructive here.

Thick Lines, thick Rods, Hooks answerably strong  
And Worms of any sort, as ill put on.

The troubled Streams the treach'rous Lines disguise,  
And he's betray'd by trusting to his Eyes.

Thus while the Rogue without Precaution preys,  
He's murder'd by the most unskilful ways.

\* Some to Ape Art, a hollow Bullet take,  
And of small things a mighty Pother make.  
Hook above hook they place, exactly nice,  
To prove Perpetual Motion no Device.

For if a moment still the Weight shou'd lie,  
Their Sport's not only spoil'd, but their Philosophy.  
Thus needy Lads at *Thames's* fairest Bridge,  
With Hosts of Lines the homely Fry besiege.  
But with course humble Labour why should we  
Adjust our Sport by their Necessity?

---

\* Here the Author ridicules the Vulgar.

With equal Justice we their careful Zeal  
Might Ape, who on the rough *Dee* attempt the  
† *Corricle*.

Struggling with Force too high for Human Blood,  
The Curse of Want, and an impetuous Flood, }  
Seeking with Life's Distress their Livelihood.  
Such things we rather justly call Distress ;  
For how agrees it with the Name of Ease ?  
When a poor Countrey Hind a faithful Turn  
Partakes, and bears the Boat by which he's born.  
Pleasure like this may suit their Rustick Souls :  
But neither suits the Poet's Verse or Rules.  
Somewhat uncommon heightens his Desire,  
Which those that love not, may with Force admire.  
Thus I to Chrystral Brooks resort, and chuse  
Arms all Genteel and Neat, and fit for Use.  
A Taper Rod, and long, tho neatly light ;  
Bending by no means with its proper weight :

---

† A sort of Boat us'd in the River *Dee*, and carried by the Fisherman to the Water to fish in.

Lines longer too, yet Taper; and if e're,  
'Tis now that I prefer the single Hair.  
Small too your Hooks should be, and cover'd well  
Above the Arming by the Brandling's Tail;  
His head dejected best the Fish invites,  
And mutualizes best your choice Delights.  
For he that prudently this way will try,  
And Angles fine, as when we use the Fly,  
Traversing up again the Chrystral Streams,  
Will ne're lament expended Time or Pains.  
This way the Caddice too deserves your Care,  
And some with reason too the Float prepare:  
This they proportion to the Brook and Stream;  
Little, if clear and slow; if swift, less fine.  
Tho all things else should neat and taper be,  
And fine, if not finer than with which you try  
Your fortune with the Artificial Fly.  
Thus he that justly plays the Angler's part,  
In my opinion still should thrive by Art.

And trust his Skill, tho oft he be deceiv'd,  
The Conquest will at last be well atchiev'd.  
Les artful ways no doubt will much prevail.

The Mennow, Lobworm, Stone-loach never fail.  
But these are common ways, which all men teach,  
And therefore far beneath the Muses reach.

She sings in Verse, which, tho like *Marum* low,  
Sends Strength and Pleasure to the Studious Brow.

Those who peruse her with attentive Heat,  
Will find her wondrous Chaste, and wondrous sweet.  
Come ye, who grandeur court, and call it Ease,  
Like sickly Souls, fond of mistaken Joys;  
Come on, for boldly I'll your utmost dare.

Match me a Landskip just as this, and fair.  
From Noise and Hurries free, we sport our fill;  
Nor gain our Ends by Methods basely ill.  
No flatt'ring Fop, no fawning Courtier here  
Disturbs our Peace, or fosters Civil War.  
Nature's our Mistress, who can bear a Look,  
Nor fears a Lover's Censure or Rebuke.

Look on those Hills, tho high, the Rural Swain  
Visits with Joy, nor fears his Aching Brain.  
Or let's descend. Heav'ns! how severely Nice  
Proud *Cælia* in her tatter'd Mantua is?  
Painted and patch'd, hiring with what she's hir'd.  
She damns her Soul to have her Face admir'd.  
While Beauty here in Native Splendor reigns,  
Requires our Wonder, and explodes our Pains.  
Each healthful Green, each flowry fragrant Mead  
Command our Praise, since they our Art exceed.  
Here are fair Streams too, full of fresh delight,  
And Willows more than lovely to the sight:  
Since thence the Angler by a wise deceit  
Hawls the Strong Captive from his lov'd Retreat.  
Nor do those Falls the Ear, those Meads the Eye  
Offend: Nor do those Fish that leap so high,  
They seem resolv'd to populate the Air,  
And hold conjunction with their Brother Star.  
Ah! happy they, who free from Vice and Care,  
With wise Content improve their Moments here:

Free from the Vices of the Noisy Town,  
Who study thus and here to lose their own.

Go on my Muse; next let thy Numbers speak  
That mighty *Nimrod* of the Streams, the *Pike*.  
For justly next may he thy Verse command,  
Who sways the Streams, and hardly yields on Land.  
O Anglers! here much Caution use and Care;  
If once thy Bait he gorge; alas! beware.  
Thy Rod, thy Lines, thy Hooks, are all too small;  
The Tyrant's strong, and rudely forces all.  
Hast thou not seen a Vessel richly fraught,  
Returning home, big with the Wealth sh'as got,  
Just on the Coast snapp'd by some Privateer,  
Himself the Prize of some big Man of War.  
Such oft, alas! has been my own defeat,  
My boasted Prize has only been the Bait,  
That hasten'd on an un prevented Cheat.  
For as the *French* whole Countries first deface,  
And then Inhuman Contributions Raise;

So Tyrant like he makes my Loss his Play,  
Leaves not my Prize, but forces all away.

Which to Revenge ( for no Man can provide  
'Gainst chance, by Human Reason unespy'd )

A stiff neat Nine-foot Pole you must prepare,  
Which may in several things repay your care.  
Whether your strugling prize your Caution Ask,  
And Landing-Nets Fix'd to't facilitate your Task:  
Or by fix'd Rings you further this design,  
By casting finely out your Bait and Line,  
It useful is ; and here so needful too,  
Want it you mayn't, y'are ruin'd if you do.  
With this have always Hooks securely Strong,  
Well Wir'd , and join'd to Lines sufficiently  
Long.

A *Dace*, a *Gudgeon*, or a *Stone-Loach* take ;  
Or wanting these, some happy trial make  
Of something else of the less usual kind,  
As Frogs, or Eels, or Garbidge ; for you'll find  
His greedy Appetite will leave your doubts behind.

Baited with these you need not fear your Prize.  
True Glutton-like his Stomach rules his Eyes.  
Oft I at Swallows sweeping o're the Stream  
Have seen him Snap, and Baulk'd, advance again.  
Which shews, that if your Lines be wisely strong,  
Without success you cannot tempt him long.  
Perhaps the day is hot, no breeze of Wind  
Is to your hope and vain endeavours kind :  
Rise early then, or try your Fortune late ;  
Or else till more auspicious Minutes wait.  
When keener Winds from any quarter blow.  
The Tyrant hardly waits a Second throw.  
But when you feel him pull, ah then be wise ;  
For want of patience never lose your Prize.  
A little swallowing time and you're secure ;  
He rarely leaves his Prize, or quits his Pow'r.  
But if the Streams you use are thinly stor'd,  
And therefore small's the pastime they afford,  
Methods more fatal you may wisely try ;  
Methods such force should only justify.

However,

However, as they bear the term of Art  
To teach them is the Muses pow'r and part.  
First then prepare a Taper handsome Pole,  
Long, if not somewhat longer than the Trowle;  
Not thick, but such as you may easily use,  
Such as for Hunting those who chuse it chuse:  
To this a thin, but strong well twisted Line,  
And Hooks, both Large and fit for your design,  
Fix: And when Baited, if you chance to fail,  
Some strange mysterious fortune must prevail.  
By often bobbing down your well-fix'd Bait,  
In any place likely for his Retreat,  
You tempt him rashly to renounce his Eyes,  
And if your Tackling hold, he's sure your Prize.  
Nay though the Noise the Tyrant only hears,  
He's summon'd, and undoubtedly appears.  
So that if all along the Banks you try,  
And yet succeed not, you may safely cry,  
*These happy Streams are free from Tyranny.*

This way too almost all things he'll devour,  
Raw Flesh or Guts, are Fish without your pow'r.  
Nay some, whose Mistress was necessity,  
By Bloody Rags have wrought his Destiny.  
But still, if clear the day, keep far from sight ;  
Quick-ey'd he is, and quickly shuns the White  
In spight of Anger, Mise, or Appetite. }  
Sometimes the wretches, who for Lucre slave  
With Snares and Night-Hooks seem the Stream to  
pave.  
But still the Angler should such Tricks defy :  
His end is Pleasure, Theirs Necessity.  
However, if he see afar a Prize  
Beaking at Large, if then his luck he tries,  
And halter some lets, fry to tempt him to ;  
Here is true skill which pleasure will allow.  
But poaching Raids, that the Game destroy,  
And neither spare the largest, nor the Fry,  
Should otherwise employ the Muses Strain ;  
But that the Whipping-Posts were rais'd for them.

Were

Were I, who only thus could wish to be  
Above my best, my own, my lov'd Degree,  
( And thus to wish sure Reason will allow,  
Since *Roman*-like I could resume my Plow,  
And mildly lay those gawdy Grandeurs down,  
Justice and slighted Truth restor'd to *Rome* ).

Were I, that long not for't, to State preferr'd,  
Some County and its Peace my trusted Ward,  
This care, howeyer low, however mean,  
Should not escape my Eye, as now my Pen.  
Why should the niggard Magistrate pretend  
To Charity ? When, should we search the End,  
You'll find, false Hypocrite ! the Lame and Poor  
Begging and Starving at the Miser's Door.  
But while his Store escapes, he thinks it best,  
Acts be infring'd and Laws be long transgres'd.  
Besides no Sportsman he, why should his care  
Extend to what his foolish Friends Admire.  
Not he, let poor folks live upon the Spoil ;  
He saves his Coin, and gains their Love the while

But, Mad-man, should we reason well and true,  
How little worthy of your Place are you?  
Are Laws that pass the Sanction of the Crown,  
Are they such Play-things for a Country-Town?  
Sure things so trifling, of so little weight  
Can ne're deserve a Nations grave Debate.  
How'e're the Law thy Duty makes; though thou  
Vain Fool pretend'st thy Duty makes the Law.

O mighty *Manlius*! how much amiss  
Was thine, to what our Modern Justice is!  
Thou to the Laws paid'st such severe respect,  
Thy own Son's Life aton'd for their Neglect.  
While we by Oaths and Int'rest doubly bound  
Secure the Guilty and the Guiltless wound.  
But stop my Muse, for thy Satyrick Rage  
Must never hope to cure this vicious Age.  
Let other Men acquit their Duties there,  
Do thou pursue thy Task, and every where  
Strow Sweets, that may the wandering Fops invite,  
And freshen every Lover's Appetite.

3.2      *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

For Virtue will have Charms, though Fools despise,  
To lure the wavering, and to hold the Wise.

Next Sing the *Pearch*; for justly this he claims,  
Lavishly kind to every Angler's pains.  
Others the *Carp* and *Tench* before him place;  
But why? Since there no equal sport he has.  
They Muddy Moats and Standing Waters love,  
And rarely in the Chrystral Currents rove.  
Or when they do, so nice they are, so coy,  
The Angler's skill and patience they defy.  
While This disdains their course and homely feed,  
And bowing Flags prefers to stinking Weed.  
Fish where he is ( and you will rarely find  
A Stream that has him not ) he's always kind.  
In gentle Rains, or after violent show'rs,  
He roves, it's true, and eagerly devours;  
And yet as true it is, the violent heat,  
But very rarely spoils his Appetite.

Beneath

Beneath impending Willows oft he lies,  
Watchful to take, or chewing on his Prize :  
Then tempt him warily he'll spring to bite,  
So greedy he, so vast his Appetite.

Nor waits he seasons, nor is ever coy,  
No, though forewarn'd he hardly can deny.  
Deep pits he loves too, though you'll rareli'st fail  
Where deepest Eddies rapidly prevail.

Yet soon in *April* after spawning Hours,  
He haunts, and freely bites upon the Scours.  
But large your Float should be, your Tackling  
strong,

Nor must you think his slow digestion long.  
For, if he Bite, his Prize he will not leave :  
'Tis not his use or nature to deceive.

Nor is his Palate delicate or nice ;  
He Kickshaws eats, but nothing comes amiss :  
Though yet some difference you may wisely make,  
And best to tempt him, Worms or Mennows take.

These he will never slight ; and if wild Fame  
Say true, the Lobworms easiest conquest gain.  
Though if my weak Opinion might prevail,  
In Marshy Meadows, Angler, never fail  
To search the Cowdung for the Blewifh Tail :  
These, tho' new taken from their homely Soil,  
By my Experience far all else excel.

Though when misfortune all my hopes has cross'd,  
And all my Baits were either spent or lost ;  
Fruitful Necessity this change has wrought,  
And to my aid this useful Knowledge brought ;  
Some little part of my leaft valu'd Prize,  
Has furnish'd out most fortunate Supplies.

The *Roach* or *Dace* in little pieces cut,  
And on the Hook with careful safety put,  
Have wirh unthought advantage slaughter'd more  
Than all the lost Preparatives before.

Nor was this trial trivially bless'd,  
For *Pike* and *Chub* have strenuously prest  
To force the liquorish bit before the rest.

Thus

Thus other Baits ingenious Souls may try,

And owe great things to Curiosity.

Things which may set aloft his Angling Name,

With those who court so much the breath of Fame.

For tell me, Muse, by whom the Virtuous live,

How lasting are the Bays that Poets give ?

How long shall *Guttemberg's* admired Name

Survive and load the flagging wings of Fame ?

Brave *Guttemberg*, who first the secret found

To compafs Ages in a Paper wound.

Or what compare we if our Reason's nigh

To *Monte Regio's* Eagle or his Fly.

Or to conclude an endless Theme, and raise

Just Trophies to Divine Invention's praise ;

Tell me how *Jubal* first the Myft'ry found

To strengthen Numbers, and to order Sound.

The lab'ring Anvils first their force declare,

And wound for want of pow'r to charm the Ear.

Then on his Harp their Forces he essay'd,

And from the feather'd Quire discov'ries made.

38 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Thencest arted Number, and thence Harmony ;  
Descant from thence, and after Symetry :  
O Sacred Science ! early from above  
Taught, where their Souls are ever tun'd to Love :  
Thee Angels practice ; thee, poor we below,  
By thy infinity can only know.  
And just it is thou should'st his signet bear,  
Who reigns above, and justly fix'd thee there.  
Whence thy vast charms we by faint glimmering  
know ;  
So high is Heaven, and humble Earth so low.  
And thou who doubt'st the great Authority  
To her ascrib'd, the Sacred Volumes see.  
There thou'l't perceive the Son of mighty Love,  
In Musicks sounds descending from above ;  
And Pain and Sicknes exquisitely fly,  
The all-dissolving force of Harmony.  
But soft, you'll cry, perhaps, let's justly weigh  
Your Arguments, and the whole Truth survey :

Reason

Reason you'll find on a fair scrutiny,  
Condemns no part but the whole History.  
And those Old *Chinese* Tales which first begin ;  
But force the credit of those worse within.  
Come then, ye Fools, and if ye can evince,  
For things of common Reason, common Sence ;  
Say why ye *Classick* Truths so soon allow,  
And talk of *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, Heav'n knows who ?  
How know ye *Nero* Rul'd ? Or how that *Rome*  
Once held the Sovereign Reins, all *Europe* in a  
Town ?

This on Tradition you can safely take ;  
But fail'd, by Reason ye distinctions make ;  
Where greater reasons, Truths that cannot dye,  
Require our Faith, command Authority.  
Might I, whom close endearments nearly tie,  
Might I advise my *Delius* he should fly,  
Fly far the treach'rous Poisons, fair Deceits,  
With which each florid Fool his Nonsense Baits.

For though but barely probable they were,  
How can our Reason with blind Fortune share?  
Or how can it consist with Sence or Wit,  
For Human things such mighty hopes to slight?  
Not true, he nothing loses, if they be  
A boundless Bliss of Bies'd Eternity.

The *Barbel's* next in Sport, though not in Kind,  
For few there are in goodness come behind.  
But sport, the Angler's aim, has plac'd him here;  
And when he finds him, sport he need not fear.  
Close at a Current's end he's sure to lie,  
Low in the Streams, as the swift *Trout* runs high.  
True River-Hog, upon the Sand he roots,  
And like him then all things occasion suits.  
Lobworms well scour'd, rarely or never fail;  
But then e'en Bees or Garbidge will prevail.  
And if you early to your Pastime high,  
He's hungry, and devours more eagerly.

Though

Though when the Winds a little curl the Waves,  
Much caution and much patience too he saves.  
For common caution must be still your own ;  
You know him large, and you will find him  
strong.

Therefore large Lines and Hooks you must prepare ;  
He's bold, and does not any danger fear.  
Nay, Packthred-like, no obstacle is found,  
If your fair Bait trail gently o're the ground.  
And high'r he rises not, unless delight  
Force him to wanton ; when, he will not Bite.  
Nor till wet *April's* past, his Spawning time,  
For then he's Sick, and blasts your whole design :  
But if kind Fortune at some Current's end  
Shows you clear Sands that by degrees descend,  
Where some close Weeds his lab'ring Fins supply,  
Or hanging Osiers shade the Sporting Fry ;  
Angler take courage, every inch beware,  
For, if in all the Streams, the Herd is there.

Tempt not too evidently, keep out of sight,  
And rest assur'd, like greedy *Perch* they'll Bite.

Next sing the *Chewin*, who is always found,  
In quick deep Streams that run o're Marly ground.  
For though in Muddy Rivers much he preys,  
Yet there he nicely seeks the Sands or Clays;  
Or else the Bridge his safeguard is, and haunts  
Where strength in tackle best his own supplants.  
For if he Bites ( as if you caution use,  
And tempt with Nature, he will ne're refuse ):  
He's of his dangerous holds with ease bereav'd.  
And after some few flounces well deceiv'd.  
Here let your Hooks be large, your Angle strong,  
And strong your Lines, though hardly half so long.  
For if for him alone your Skill you try,  
Floats must be spar'd, as when you use the Fly,  
And gentle dabs must summon him on high:  
But then beware, no Shadow, no nor Noise,  
For either he both fears, and always flies.

But

But if with caution you for sport prepare,  
He Bites both all the day, and every where.  
Oft beaking under shady Trees he lies ;  
And then, if hid you are, he'll freely rise.  
Or though your Rod have struck him with its shade,  
Have patience, and the Vertue's soon repaid.  
E'en Swallow's swooping o're the Chrystral main  
Fright him, but soon the Coward mounts again.  
Oft I with Lobworms in a hasty Stream  
Have had vast sport, without the least design.  
Yet still I found, that as the day increas'd,  
My sport grew les, and nothing at the laſt.  
Yet still by other Baits I then have sped ;  
And other Baits true Anglers should not need,  
The Dorr, the Caterpillar, Wasp, or Bee,  
Or Grashopper, or Moth, nay, any Fly  
He'll take. Though yet if I my Bait might chuse,  
If to be got, I'd moſt the Mennow uſe ;  
For if the River's deep, and Current ſtrong,  
Without ſucceſs you cannot tempt him long.

But

But then the Winds should somewhat too agree,  
Unless your early Rise the want supply.  
For he's so idle in the mid-day Heat,  
He'll hardly try the most alluring Bait.  
But cool so well he loves, that if you spare  
Him spawning *March*, he'll bite throughout the year.

The *Bream*, less common, so more rarely known,  
Requires the Angler's Study next, and Song.  
Nice to extremes, his Minutes you must wait,  
And early with the Sun, or with the Moonshine late.  
Unless the Winds blow a fresh *Mack'rel* Gale,  
And then of Sport all day you will not fail.  
With strong Silk Lines, and Hooks just Gudgeon  
small ;  
Rods long and strong, and Baits the chief of all ;  
Chuse some slow Stream, in its own deepness black.  
And let your Float not two foot Water make :  
There is his haunt, and if your Length permit,  
Just in the middle of the gloomy Pit

You'll

You'll find him roving, and with ease divine  
Tis he that flats your Float upon the Stream :  
He gorges then ; ah ! Angler, ah ! beware :  
If large your Bait, you must no Patience spare ;  
If small, a little serves ; his mouth allows  
ar. Of nothing large ; the less the better does.  
Therefore tho' some the large scour'd Dew-worm  
n, chuse,  
Do thou the Flag, or well-scour'd Red-Worm use :  
He'll these with greedy Appetite devour ;  
te. And when he bites, your Prize is always sure.  
But my Experience ever must prefer  
on The small Red Dew-Worm, if with pains and care  
Him first in Moss and Fennel you prepare.  
These he with passion loves, they hold his eyes,  
; And suiting's mouth, enlarge your Sport and Prize.  
ck. For Flies and Pastes, or other Baits I've found  
My Patience rarely with common Largeſſ crown'd.  
And therefore leave the Angler there to try  
If he can purchase better Luck than I.

Their

44      *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Their Humours all things have. The Pike at Paste  
Has struck, and for his Folly struck his last.

In July at his spawning, I the *Bream*  
Have found most eager in a rapid Stream.  
Close at the bottom scouring there he lies,  
And then will nibble any Bait he sees ;  
So diff'rent from all else his Nature is.

But this is random Chance, not worth a Line,  
For nothing well he takes in spawning time.  
His Stomach's queasy then, as in the rest ;  
And then the Angler wisely should desist.  
Perhaps sometimes your Line or Hooks appear ;  
Or else the Heats your Patience will require.  
But Patience is the Angler's first great Rule,  
And Patience here has least of Ridicule.  
How does the fawning Courtier daily wait,  
Or those who follow Law, or Toys of State ?  
O *Delius* ! by kind Fortune largely blest,  
Let not the Cheats of Grandeur break thy Rest.

On

On Promises and Quicksands ne're depend ;  
Nor on a Lord, though once thy seeming Friend.  
Honour no Claim allows: Alas! his State  
Commands his Promises he first forget.  
And where's the Statute that will ease afford ?  
Since *Tom* the Promise made, and not *My Lord*.  
He quits past Friendship when he lofty grows ;  
And though he promise well, their Strength he  
knows :  
For if you bring him for't to Equity,  
His Party's strong, and Privileges high.  
In my own business bless'd, contented I,  
Who Grandeur seek not, and its Charms defy.  
E'en I unmov'd have heard a Statesman prate  
What mighty things he'd do, what Favours get, }  
And never forfeited my Quiet yet. }  
Nay more, believe me, Friend, ( for I have known  
Some Passages in Court as well as Town );  
Among the men whose Sacred Character  
Should harbour nothing but what's most sincere ;

Friend-

Friendship with great Prefermens's rarely known,  
But, Bucket-like, this weighs the other down.  
For though Grave Blockheads cajole Men of Sense,  
Their own dear Image have most Influence.  
Let then Preferment by Resemblance go,  
It can't move me, and with less reason you.  
You on Paternal Acres justly got,  
May live, and Great Men envy at your Lot :  
With a kind Partner of my Joys and Cares,  
While freely I drill on Heav'ns bounteous years  
With all my poor Endeavours fond to get  
An honest Name, and moderate Estate.  
Let griping *Codrus* Pen and Paper save,  
And for his Issue make himself a Slave :  
By cunning let him all his Deeds disguise,  
And affect silence, to be fanci'd wise:  
By Methods ill I'll purchase no Estate,  
But Truth and Virtue love at any rate.

Now from the Chrystral Brooks and Purling  
Streams,

Angler, a while withdraw your careful Pains ;  
And to the Carp and Tench your Art apply,  
Which love still Pits, and Chrystral Currents fly :  
They all your Patience, all your Strength require ;  
And though admir'd, rarely your Baits admire.

Sometimes in Rivers to your Lot they fall ;  
But there's no Vigor where the Hopes are small.

Man's Frailty's such, that e'en in things Divine,  
Kind Heaven by Crowns is forc'd to force him in.  
But in full Ponds your Sport you need not fear,  
If Laziness be not your greater Care.

For here to speed, you with the Sun must rise,  
And then the largest easiest are your Prize :  
Though if beyond the second Watch you stay,  
The smallest only bite, and hardly they :  
Of such vast moment is the Place and Time,  
Your balking those oft balks your whole design.

But

But first, my *Tyro*, of your Lines beware,  
For Conquest is not to be slighted here:  
Tho little Circumspection will suffice,  
Yet you must sweat before you gain your Prize:  
He's strong, will struggle, and unless prepar'd,  
Your Conquest's doubtful, and your Labour hard.  
Ponds weedy feed the *Tench*, and that that's clear  
Best please the *Carp*, but both for Mud declare.  
But in their Baits so closely they agree,  
They feed just as they live, promiscuously :  
Both love their Baits, prepar'd with nicest Care,  
And both best take 'em vilely strong of Tar.  
Low at the bottom too i'th' deeps they lye,  
And rarely, very rarely feed on high :  
Tho oft the *Carp* in hottest Summer days,  
While on the Surface wantonly he plays,  
On Bread or Worms with eager Passion preys.  
But if your Rod or Self offend his sight,  
He's gone, and blasts at once your whole delight.

He's

He's humoursome at best, Experience tells :  
For Season, Place, and Baits, and all things else  
Justly agreeing ; I have one time slain  
Four score, and at another hardly Ten :  
And yet the wondrous Myst'ry to explore,  
A Net has largely paid the squander'd hour.  
Perhaps at Night they found some unknown Feed,  
Or else the Soil dilated out their Breed :  
For though in *May* they usually spawn,  
Some cast in *April*, others say in *June* :  
Though Nature certainly may help receive  
From Soils ; and Waters may assistance give :  
For e'en in Human Bodies this we find,  
Chang'd Climates to the barren have been kind ;  
And, mew'd in Town, an Heirless Loving Pair  
Have blest the Countrey, and been fruitful there.  
Nature is Nature still. Next let us see  
What Baits should best the Angler's Art supply ;  
The largest Red-Worms highly some prefer ;  
And for the smallest I must needs declare.

But have thou both; and thou'l the better speed;  
For with success at once I both have tri'd :  
And though to th' side the small for refuge fly,  
Thou in the middle more successfully  
Shalt fish; for though their Sport's perhaps secure,  
Thy Prize is larger, and thy Glory more.  
Gentles and Cadbaits too some Sport may yield,  
But yet the former justliest claim the field :  
And though for Pastes some mighty men declare,  
I never found the Secret worth my Care.  
But still perhaps thou'rt for the Chrystral Streams,  
And for the Prospect slight'ſt thy fruitleſs Pains :  
Fair purling Brooks, by Meadows more than fair,  
Are more your Choice than any Conquest here :  
Come then, I'll tell thee, if resolv'd to try  
That Patience which exceeds Philosophy,  
I'll tell thee where's their likeliest Haunt, and when  
They freeliest bite, and easiest are ta'en.  
If for the *Tench* thou seek'ſt, make it thy pains  
To find the deepest Pits in silent Streams :

No Stream thy Float by any means should move,  
But chuse the stillest place, for such they love:  
Nor should the Breeze disturb thy well-tarr'd Bait ;  
Therefore both long and early thou should'st wait :  
And if the Rivers fruitful are, thou'l find  
They Red-Worms love, and are both free and kind.  
But if the *Carp* exacts thy greater pains,  
Chuse still the deeps, but in the gentle Streams.  
Just in the midst he never fails to move,  
And Marsh and Flag-worms takes with eager love.  
Nor may'st thou well thy former Baits despise,  
He'll never fail to take them when he sees :  
But still the early Morn, or Evening late,  
Will crown, or make more probable thy Fate.  
Nor can I justly blame thy happy Choice,  
So great my own, my equal Passion is.  
Clear Streams have Charms which standing Waters  
want,  
And Meads have beauties which the envious grant :

52 The Innocent Epicure: Or,  
But when they join, as far they all excell,  
As Maids their Lovers in dissembling well.

Oh Friend! oh Friend! what Fortune's so Divine,  
What Fate's so safe or sweet as that of thine?  
Thou clear'st the Minutes, as they glide along,  
Unmov'd at all the Follies of the Young:  
Thou clear'st the Minutes, for to thee they bear  
Scarce the minutest part of human Care:  
Thus by the Streams, and there supinely laid,  
With Thoughts for which Mankind was chiefly  
made:

No Care, no Mischief in thy worst Intent,  
All, like thy Recreation's innocent.  
Through Nature's Opticks thou dost wisely look,  
And read'st thy Maker in the fairest Book.

Next, Muse, the *Roach*, ( and less regarded Fry )  
Thy Work's e'en done; for these no Industry,

No mighty Art, no skilful Care require ;  
And Force it self would make Discov'ries here.  
Each Puny *Tyro* here can easily tell  
The ways of Taking, that's of Angling well ;  
For small the difference is, where perfect Force,  
And Vulgar Method makes the Captive yours :  
Tho e'en in this, if you would angle fine,  
You'll find it well requite your whole design :  
And though she break your single Hair, the Cross  
Is small, and small the patient Angler's Loss ;  
Put on a new, they'll bite with equal Haste,  
And swallow Cadbait, Gentles, Flies, or Paste ;  
Nay, Worms in Windy Weather they'll devour,  
Presented every where, and every hour,  
For unless Heat them to the Surface call,  
They'll ( if unseen ) no Caution use at all.  
Or though upon the Streams they beaking lye,  
Unlead your Line, and then both Worm and Fly  
Will fatal prove, if naturally cast,  
And not with Rustick Skill, or frightfu iHaste,

In *Witham*, and fair *Thames*'s higher Streams,  
A kind of *Roach* there is, which Rustick Swains  
Call *Rudd*. His Colour is of purest Gold,  
Strong, broad, and thick, most lovely to behold:  
This at the Surface will with freedom bite  
At small Red Worms, or Flies, his like delight.  
But Angler, if you meet him, pray take care;  
He struggles long, and breaks the single Hair.

But soft my Muse, thy soon-suspended Aid  
I now invoke again; my haste betray'd  
My Knowledge. There; see swiftly how he flies,  
Like Lightning quick, and like that past my eyes:  
The Archers Arrow no such swiftness knows;  
In vain the Angler or his Skill pursues.

In *March* he spawns, though then he'll freely bite,  
Perhaps the Frosts provoke his Appetite.  
Than wisely would you, and 'tis worth your care,  
Wisely to prosper, all your Skill prepare;  
The *Trout's* Companion both in Feed and Soil,  
And rarely caught with more than equal Skill:

In Summer on the scours the Wanton lies,  
And ( if unseen ) he all day long will rise.  
But ne'er so gamesome, ne'er so brisk before,  
Once seen he flies you, and will rise no more:  
Therefore behind some Bush thy self conceal,  
And with the Flesh-Fly thou wilt rarely fail ;  
For though on Worms he'll feed, or any Fly,  
None's so destructive, none so kills as he.  
Floats useless are, unless the Worm you try,  
And with the rising flash successfully  
Descend the Stream, then any thing he takes,  
And like the *TROUT* but small distinction makes.  
This for the *Dace*. Once more, and then adieu ;  
The *Gudgeons* haunts, and hours of biting show :  
For though sinall Art the little Prize suffice,  
His Sport's as good, and with the greatest vies :  
The River-*Smelt* he is, and if as rare,  
None doubts but he would lose in the compare.  
Few Lessons will the Angler's use supply,  
Where he's so ready of himself to dye :

For if no Heats or Flashes interpose,  
His Prize he'll hold, and yours you cannot lose.  
But should those Obstacles your Sport bereave,  
This Method will at all times well relieve :  
With some long Pole raise up his Love the Sand,  
And all are summon'd, and at your Command :  
Or else if clear and shallow, wade the Ford,  
And if the Water's plentifully stor'd,  
You to your own Content may kill, and he  
You'll find resolv'd to gain the Victory.  
But yet in spawning time he lies full low  
I'th' Deeps, and bites not, tempted never so :  
For I in *April* fruitful Streams have tri'd,  
And found my Art and all my Pains deni'd:  
Nay, not the cordial Gentle could auspicious prove,  
Nor the sinall Red-Worm, his continual Love,  
Could change my Fortune, or his Fancy move.  
The *Bleak* small Flies upon the Surface takes,  
And never the least Hesitation makes,

With

With an observing Eye, and curious Hand,  
Any Advantage eas'ly is obtain'd.

Desist my Muse, thy Work at last is past,  
Which with the Angling Few shall always last:  
Without thy Aid Sense shall supply the rest;  
No Rules they want, deserve not Verse at least.

The Mennow, Flatterer like, is always nigh;  
The Angler's Plague, although he useful be:  
Wheree'er he breeds, he keeps a fearful Rout,  
And few the Rivers are that are without.  
To catch the *Bullhead* too, each School-boy knows;  
And to the *Eel*, Reason no Verse allows:  
Like Worms Engendring they no sport can make,  
But what the School-boys find in Whip and Snake.  
Though if my *Delius* to the Sport incline,  
One Rule I'll give to close with his design;  
After strong thund'ring show'r's your fortune try,  
With Lobworms, and strong Lines a strong supply;

An I

And while your stock endures, the slimy Crew  
Will shear your Hooks, and plague your Cloaths  
and you.

Though would you my Advice sincerely take,  
You first this trial of the Prize should make.  
Hot dung, the slimy Virmin soon will find,  
If in o'reflowing Meadows well design'd.

There when you will the nasty jakes remove,  
Reason will terminate your care and love.

In cluster'd heaps, like Worms thou'l see 'em lye,  
And soon decide their Wise Philosophy,  
Who see no Spawn, and ask the Reason why.

The *Ruff*, no Commoner, shall close my Song,  
A bold free Biter, though a little one :  
For since of Fish I treat, 'twould awkward  
seem,

To end with Monsters, and with Maids begin.  
They Gentles love, but small Redworms will chuse,  
And Mennow-like at no time will refuse :

Have

Have patience when th'ast found the haunted  
Hole,  
And they'll not leave thee e're th'ast taken all :  
Thus they in Nature too, as well as make,  
Except in largenes with the *Pearcb* partake :  
These *Norwickb* plenteous streams most justly  
boast,  
Here most belov'd, and here abounding most.  
Nor must I sacred *Cam* in this forget,  
*Cam* in my Verse for nobler reasons set,  
To raise my Song, for 'tis the Muses seat.  
No wonder there the Watry Natives throng,  
*Amphion*'s Harp drew Woods and Rocks along :  
They of all Kinds, admirers may command,  
While she's the Urn of *Cowley*'s sacred hand.  
Nor, happy *Nyme*, must Thou my Verse evade,  
Whose Charming Streams my Youthful fallies had :  
There were my innocent hours not badly spent;  
O that I had no greater to Repent.

60 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*  
Unpoach'd are all thy Streams, thy Meadows  
free,

What Stream is worthy to compare with thec?  
What but fair *Trent*, that wheresoe're she flows,  
Nature luxuriant in her favour shows?  
Not thrice Ten Rivers, as some meanly feign,  
But Thrice so many Natives give her Name:  
Though should we trace her to her spacious Jaws,  
Thrice thrice Ten various Kinds we might disclose:  
The Anglers luxury thou art, and he  
No Recreation wants that lives by thee.  
Poach'd *Wellin* slipp'd, I must not yet disclaim,  
My Love, my well acquainted *Witbam*'s Name;  
Though Rented out, the Larges of the Poor,  
The Angler's pride she is, no River more.  
*Idle* must pass; for though I oft have tri'd,  
She always love, and often sport deni'd:  
Much less deserves she such penurious care,  
To punish Ladies when they Angle there.

Speak

Speak not my Muse, thy Verse it sure would  
blast,  
To name, and more to justify the Beast :  
Poor Streams, thy well-taught Natives justly fly  
Thy Master's Bounty and his Tyranny.  
But *Dun* would blame the justice of my Pen,  
Who kindly us'd, return'd it not again :  
But *Dun* from Anglers shall not fail of Praife,  
E'en more than my poor humble Verse can raiſe :  
For mighty ſure muſt be her vast deſert,  
Who from an Arm can ſuſh delight impart.  
*O Dern !* thy Pleaſures oft my mind employ,  
Much greater Streams may justly envy thee ;  
Scarce one of all the Watry Court is found,  
That does not in thy little Streams abound.  
Witneſſ ye River-Nymphs, and every ſhade,  
How often this my ardent Wiſh I've made :  
Bleſt might I with a moderate Estate,  
Which my own Labour never ſpar'd to get :

Blest might I live an honest Country Swain,  
And with content in little compass Reign:  
No spacious Fabricks would I care to boast,  
Convenient Neatness would delight me most;  
Where from my Shades I could with joy sur-  
vey

Expanding Meads that on each side me lay;  
Just in the mid'ft a Rivulet should pass,  
With pleasing Murmurs, and transparent grace:  
If falling Waters reach'd from far my Ear,  
'Twould raise the Landskip, and depress my  
care:

Far off some good old Tow'r shou'd strike my  
view,

And teach the certain state of things below.

There neighb'ring grandeur might unenvi'd reign,  
While I'm allow'd by all the Happy Man:  
Lov'd by my Friends, and if I must have  
Foes,

Envi'd for my plain honest truth by thos.

But

But let all Vice, Ye Pow'rs, be banish'd hence,  
And that Religion which is all Pretence.

At my own Table I'd have no Man see  
Extravagance, and much less Penury.

Nor should the Poor of cruel Want Complain ;  
Nor should the Wrong'd implore my help in  
vain :

Nor should my Sallies far from home extend,  
To see a Field, or cheer a drooping Friend :  
Or with the darling Partner of my Life,  
That mightiest Comfort of my days, my  
Wife,

Hast to the neighbour Streams our luck to try,  
And baulk'd in Sport, return assur'd of Joy.

Such would I be, but if the Pow'rs design  
Me other Fate, Why Fortune is not mine ?

With a sincere dependance I submit,  
Since I return but His, that gave me it.

Such

Such is the Angler's Life, so truly blest  
Are those that wait on fickle Fortune least :  
That taste my Joys, and hold them what they are,  
And scorn to bring things trivial in Compare.

---

F. I N I S.

